The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

What would happen to this country if all its citizens had no higher conception of liberty than freedom to get drunk? (*Greenville Piedmont.*)

υ λ

These haughty foreign countries must not disregard Uncle Sam's dry laws. Only citizens are privileged to do that. (*Athens, Ga., Daily News.*)

υ λ

The demand is that the European nations, to say nothing of the Far East, shall first settle their own outstanding difficulties. Then, and not until then, will the United States be in a position to help in any hopeful way. (*Advocate of Peace.*)

υ λ

The real expert is almost invariably modest and guarded in his verdicts, limited in his certainties. Yet on almost every hand are those who not only express the most off-hand and cocksure opinions on the most intricate of questions and issues, but who judge, with an air of finality and the settling of destiny, all who presume to differ from them. Dr. George A. Gordon once wrote for the *Congregationalist* a powerful article on "The Practise of Medicine by the Unfit." . . . We wish that so trenchant a writer could be induced to write a similar word on "The Practise of Theology by the Unfit." (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

The contention that if one race or people is as good as another the sooner all peoples and races amalgamate into a mongrel brotherhood the better it will be, is the mischievous fallacy of internationalism. A pan-democracy would be a pandemonium. (*Independent.*)

υ λ

British conservatism was never more perfectly illustrated than by the speech of the king's physician, Lord Dawson, on Mrs. Astor's bill to prohibit the sale of liquor to youths under eighteen. As a man of science he was unable to claim anything for liquor as a food, a strengthener or even a stimulant. All he could say for it is the old-time claim that, when a man is tired and troubled, a drink of something strong enables him to forget he is tired and troubled. Surely that is far, far from science. But the noble doctor was bound by his aristocratic British heritage not to go clear over to the prohibitionists. He had to say something on the liquor side. It is gratifying, however, that his science did oblige him to admit that young folks don't need liquor. So he favored Lady Astor's bill. (*Continent.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
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Editorial

"MAKING THE WORLD SAFE AGAINST IRRATIONAL REVOLUTION"

WHATEVER our political affiliations may be, whether Democratic, Republican or radical, and whatever our predilections with respect to our country's relation to the world, whether nationalistic or international, Leaguers or non-Leaguers, most of us, perhaps all of us except those who have Wilsonphobia, can not but be glad that Mr. Wilson has spoken from his meditative retirement the words of wisdom in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. There is the same old fine phrasing of his thought and note of literary distinction, high intellectual seriousness and moral earnestness, without any bitterness, recrimination or criticism. He has been shut in, but he has looked out upon the world and observes serious signs of danger. The thinker accustomed to look for causes seeks the reasons for the world's present condition. The reformer eager to make the world better suggests ways to make the world safe against irrational revolution.

He has studied the Russian Revolution, but he does not see red, but seeks to discover the reason the Russians saw red, and he finds the explanation in the way the ruling and privileged classes treated the common people in denying them their right to live decent lives. He calls our attention to the indictment brought against capital in many lands and by serious and earnest men, and finds the real difficulty in the moral and spiritual conditions and attitudes of those men who possess economic power. Where indifference is exhibited or injustice practised by capital, there we must expect men to see red and revolutions to happen. He therefore makes a direct appeal to the consciences of the capitalists and industrialists. "Have not many fine men who were actuated by the higher principles in every other relationship of life seemed to hold that generosity and humane feeling were not among the imperative mandates of conscience in the conduct of a banking business or in the development of an industrial or commercial enterprise? Ought we not to seek a way to remove such offenses and make life itself clean for those who will share honorably and cleanly in it?" Those words should encourage the men who take their consciences with them in all their economic dealings, and put their lives into their great enterprises, and whose names stand for honor in all their work. And these words should go home to the consciences of men who have lived a double life, kindly in personal relations, but cruel in their business dealings.

With this appeal to the consciences of men, he turns his attention to present urgent duties and says: "The supreme task of democracy is nothing less than the salvation of civilization." "It is to make the world safe against irrational revolution." The road away from such a revolution and toward such a salvation is "the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and of right dealing." It is the Christian way he has in mind and to which he directs us. "The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization can not survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practises which spring out of that spirit."

Many a man has gone into retirement, either from political misfortunes or a break down in health, or by some tragic personal experience. If he is thoughtful and ponders on the meaning of life, and the causes for the downfall or safety of nations, he may return in person, or send his written word to the men upon whose shoulders rests the grave responsibility of leading the world aright. In this message of Mr. Wilson there is much wisdom and a great challenge. For us men whose duty it is to cultivate faith in God and to produce a conviction of spiritual realities and forces, it is heartening and reinforcing to find Mr. Wilson, out of his larger knowledge and tragic experience, falling back on God and calling upon the Church and Christian men to devote their lives to these great ends.

D. E.

* *

A NON-PARTISAN FOREIGN POLICY

RUTH MORGAN, chairman of the Committee on International Co-operation to Prevent War, of the National League of Women Voters, points out that whether the citizens of the United States will it or not, perforce they must have a non-partisan foreign policy. Treaties negotiated by the Executive with foreign countries must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. This can never be accomplished by one party acting alone.

In our opinion, the Constitution should be amended to make it possible to ratify treaties by a simple majority vote. Some of the long and bitter wrangles over foreign affairs would be ended in that way.

But if this is impossible, and at least it is a change not likely to be made soon, then the way out of our inaction, delay and bargaining over matters of international honor is for citizens as a whole to take non-partisan views in foreign affairs and insist that their representatives do likewise. But, as Miss Morgan truly says, "Non-partisan must not be a negative thing. All-partisan or men of all parties getting together, active and determined, better describes it."

The power of the women voters of the country, slow thus far in showing itself, is developing. Women are organizing and learning. For the hopeful independent action for which this journal stands, for which the Church of every name ought to stand, the National League of Women Voters is a strong influence.

* *

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW US

THERE is one subject, many think, wherein we must be "terribly mistaken." We "don't believe in punishment." We are a namby-pamby milk and water kind of folk, to whom it does not make much difference what men do, "all will be saved anyhow." We proclaim the love of God, but not the power and wisdom and justice of God.

None of this is true. We believe more about punishment than some of the folks who think they believe in endless hell. We believe punishment for sin is absolutely certain. Nobody can escape it. Reasonably good men and very bad men have to face it and go through with it. Jesus can't bear it for us and let us off. That may be comforting but, analyzed, it is a horrible belief. It is so unfair.

To us law is inexorable. The instant we violate it, punishment starts, not vindictively, but to force us back to obedience. God has surrounded this world with laws. To find them out and obey them is our most thrilling and delightful quest. If we think otherwise, and go against them, fire will burn, poison will corrode, water will drown, hunger will kill, and disease germs will multiply and decimate a village or a city. And sin will eat like a canker.

In the swift, sure punishments of God we find convincing testimony to a wise, good God and a rational universe.

But do we believe that this God who organized an entire universe simply and solely to create good men and women, is going to burn any of them up forever in hell, because they missed the way? Not on your life! God as revealed by Christ isn't that kind of God. The father in the parable of the prodigal son isn't that kind of father.

But we believe in punishment, here and hereafter—adequate punishment, rational punishment, with an objective clearly in sight, punishment administered by Perfect Wisdom and Infinite Love—and against that kind of punishment we hold no stubborn wicked one can stand out forever.

So we don't believe in endless hell. Do you? In that which appears to divide us, we find, as we talk with you, we are not far apart.

A BUDGET SYSTEM

MODERN up-to-date business and charitable organizations charged with the expenditure of money have adopted the budget system. In advance they decide what they will spend, raise the money and stick to the program. Worthy causes come knocking at the door after the budget is made up, but they are turned away to await another budget. This seems ruthless at times, but it is the truest kindness in the end.

Where there is no budget, expenditures are not wisely apportioned, real needs are not met, and, what is worst of all, the constituency of the organization is continually besieged for money. There is a crisis all the year around.

Recently the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention has been assailed with demands for another million-dollar or two-million-dollar drive.

The moneys received from the last million-dollar drive, so generously supported by our people, have been financing many important denominational projects—the work of the Sunday School Association, the work of the Young People, and missionary undertakings at home and abroad. As the current fiscal year will see the expenditure of the last of this money, the anxiety of our people interested in vital projects has been justifiable.

Wisely, we think, however, our Board seems to be resisting the call for a "drive," a "campaign," a loud beating of the tom tom for another million or more. Rather do their minds seem to be turning to the putting of our denominational finances once for all on a business basis, abandoning the drive method, and adopting the budget. This means that instead of exhausting ourselves in some great campaign we fix the amount we need for the church extension and missionary projects and apportion it to the churches.

It is all nonsense to fix an $18,000 apportionment and then go out to beg huge sums to meet our needs. Far better is it to double or treble that petty apportionment and let our people understand that the big drives are ended.

Without breach of confidence we believe we can say that the Providence Convention will have a chance to pass on this matter. If we know the temper of our people, and we think we do, if we understand the clear hard-headed common sense of our business men, this thing will go through with loud cheers from everybody.

* *

NOT ALWAYS THUS

CURIOUSLY a machine Governor of Pennsylvania put in a reform Commissioner of Education and the new reform Governor demanded his resignation at the very outset of his administration.

The ring Governor, Sproul, was big enough to go outside the state and outside the party for a great administrator, Dr. Thos. E. Finegan. The reform Governor, Pinchot, in a hot political campaign, weakly lay down to Finegan's enemies.

The moral is plain. We church people need to ponder it.

Not all is gold that glitters; not all is dross that doesn't.

Memorial Address to Warren Gamaliel Harding*

Frank Oliver Hall

WE have gathered here that by our presence, and by participating in this service, we may express our sincere respect for the late President of the United States, and our sincere affection for our fellow citizen, Warren Gamaliel Harding. It is not my purpose to pronounce a eulogy, or even to undertake an estimate of this man's character and services. That is a task for statesman and historian. But I would like to emphasize some of the thoughts which I am sure have been running through all our minds since the tragic news of the passing of President Harding flashed along the wires from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.

In a thousand instances, no doubt, in editorial column, in conversation and in public address, men have said concerning him, "Warren Harding was a typical American." That seems strange, because only a few years ago, at the passing of Theodore Roosevelt, the same thing was said of him: He was a typical American. Warren Harding and Theodore Roosevelt were about as different from each other as it is possible to imagine. And yet I am sure that we will all insist that both men were typical Americans. We claim them both with all our minds and all our hearts. We would not expect to find either of these men in France, or Italy, or Germany, or Russia, or even in England. They belong to us and express our American life and our peculiar American character.

There must, then, be something in common between them. What is it? I think I can tell you. It is a certain fellowship and friendship, good will, good cheer, confidence in one's fellow men and a desire to be one with all humanity.

You will perhaps recall that, after the death of President McKinley, when Roosevelt had taken the oath of office and become in turn President, he was tramping along one of the highways near Washington, accompanied by a bodyguard—for he would not forego his strenuous exercise though the whole nation feared that he too might be assassinated. They passed a company of laboring men working upon the road. One of these, with characteristic Irish enthusiasm, called out, "Mr. President, I would like to shake hands with you." Whereupon, of course, the secret service men instantly swung between the President and the laborer. But Roosevelt would have nothing of the kind. With a laugh he pushed through his bodyguard and shook hands with the whole gang, one after the other, much to their satisfaction and his. And this was not a pose. It was genuine. He liked such men, hewers of wood and drawers of water, cow-punchers and section hands. He felt himself one with them. That is America.

Well, only the other day, on his trip to the West and to Alaska, similar instances repeatedly occurred to Warren Harding. He met on a level the men of the harvest field and the mine, and recalled with satisfaction the days when he too toiled and sweat as a common laborer. These men were his fellow citizens, his fellow workers. It was not a pose. It was genuine. And that also is America.

Warren Harding was not an extraordinary man; he was an ordinary man, upon whom millions of other ordinary men and women had placed a great responsibility, confident that what America needs is not the "superman," not the man apart from his fellows, but just an intelligent, honest and fearless man, genuine and sincere, one of the people. That is America. That is what we mean by democracy. And I pray that the time may never come when the President of the United States will be anything but one of the common people—a Roosevelt, a Harding or a Calvin Coolidge, sprung from the ranks, and ready at any moment to take his place in the ranks, for the common good. That is America.

When Senator Harding, having been nominated for the high office of President, undertook his famous "front porch campaign," his photograph, with that of Mrs. Harding, was repeatedly taken and thrown upon the screen in thousands of moving picture theaters. Both he and his devoted wife were glad to have this done. Said Mrs. Harding, "I want people to see these pictures so that they will know that we are just folks like themselves." Well, that is what they were—just folks—and they did not propose for an instant to have their American fellow citizens suppose that they presumed to be anything different. Just folks. As long as we can have "just folks," genuine, sincere and unashamed, in charge of the affairs of America there is no danger for American institutions.

Warren Harding and Florence Kling were just folks—small town folks. Soon after his election to the Presidency some cynic remarked with a sneer, "Main Street has come to Washington." What he said was true, and moreover it was a mighty good thing for Washington. I deem that novel "Main Street" an unwholesome and un-American influence. When we recall that half the population of America live in Main Streets, and the country immediately surrounding Main Streets, then woe to the American Commonwealth if the population of the Main Streets are what the author of that story would have us believe. The Abraham Lincolns, the Ulysses Grants, the Warren Hardings, and the Calvin Coolidges, all small town folks, tell a contrary story.

The training of Warren Harding for his great office was not at all different from the training of a million other small-town boys born in the sixties. As I have read his biography I have been repeatedly carried back to the experiences of my own boyhood. It was customary in those days to teach a boy to work as soon as he could handle a hoe or drag a rake behind the hayrack. We have talked so much against child labor that we have acquired the idea that no child ought to do anything but play with tops and marbles except while he is staring at a printed page. I am as much opposed to child labor in mill and mine and factory as any one, but I would like to testify that the best thing that ever happened to me

*Delivered at the Union Service in Lynn, Mass., Aug. 10, 1923.

was to learn early to use an axe, wield a shovel and swing a scythe. The new psychology declares that there are areas of brain that are not brought into active operation unless a child learns early to work skilfully with his hands. When the boy Warren Harding was working on his father's farm, as he did, or in a saw-mill, as he did, or as a laborer on the railroad, as he did, or as a house-painter, as he did; or when he was playing a tenor horn in the village band, as he did—if you have ever played in a village band you will recall the joy of it to the participants and the agony of it to the auditors—all this time the boy Harding was being trained for the Presidency of the United States, though neither he nor any one else at the time supposed that all this was a necessary part of his education. But it was, and the boy was bringing into operation areas of brain matter that many of our book-educated youths who have never learned to work with their hands have missed. That is the explanation of the seeming miracle which we witness so often—some boy from the farm or the Main Street town, who has never had any of the advantages of the big city institutions, comes to the city and climbs directly over the heads of other boys who have spent their whole lives in the very best preparatory schools and universities.

So, after the farm and the saw-mill and the railroad, Warren Harding went to college—a poor little fresh-water institution despised and rejected with contempt by every true son of Harvard or Columbia. During vacation he worked at anything to earn his next term's tuition fee. At some time in this period he taught a country school—$20 a month and board round. "Just folks." Then he tried to study law, but ran out of money and took the first job he could get, which happened to be in a printing office. There he found himself. He worked his way up from printer's devil to editor of a Main Street paper, which came to be known as the *Marion Daily Star*. This little paper he made famous in his countryside, and the reason for its success may be learned from the instruction which he gave to his staff, when he assumed the editorship. I want to read you this instruction, for it reveals the man.

"Remember," said he, "that there are two sides to every question. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering give the facts; tell the story as it is and not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child by telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative. Be clean, and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any house without destroying the innocence of a child."

Would you not like to have that instruction posted in every newspaper office in America? Some papers would go out of business very suddenly, much to the advantage of our population. Well, that was Warren Harding. He would have a decent paper or he would have none.

So his fellow citizens, having discovered a genuine man, sent him to the state legislature. It is not recorded that he was a great success as a lawmaker, but he learned to speak in public. Then he ran for governor of his state and was defeated, thought he had had enough of politics and went back to his editing.

But Warren Harding was not out of politics. There came a vacancy in the United States Senate, in 1914, and he was chosen to the office. He did not prove to be a great orator or a great leader, but his fellow Senators discovered what his fellow townsmen had known for years, that he was a good comrade, a sincere, honest, reliable man. He performed his duties as a Senator faithfully, though with no great brilliancy. In the Senate as elsewhere he was "just folks."

James Bryce in "The American Commonwealth" has a chapter entitled, "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." I commend this chapter to your attention.

Warren Harding was nominated and elected President of the United States not because he was "great," the ablest statesman, the most brilliant orator, the obvious leader in his party, but because he was more truly representative than any of these. So he became President. Main Street moved to Washington. And behold, the very qualities which had made him a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good editor of a small-town paper, a good friend, a good lover of one woman, a good master of a good dog, made him a good President of the American Commonwealth. We do not need a great genius in the White House so much as we need a good man.

He had the amazing good sense to immediately surround himself with the ablest men of his party, and he had the modesty to rely upon their advice. Thus his administration proved a success.

The most notable act of his administration was the calling of an international conference, which assembled in Washington on November 12, 1921, looking toward the limitation and reduction of armaments. As a result of this conference five international treaties were arranged. Principal among these were the convention ending the long and costly race for naval supremacy by sharply limiting the strength of the sea power of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy, and the "four power pact." This pact dealt with the insular possessions in the Pacific of the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France, and replaced the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which long had been viewed with much suspicion by a large section of the American people and many of the nation's public men. An agreement between Japan and China was brought about by which the former nation restored the province of Shantung to China and withdrew her troops. There are some who stand close to the center of affairs who are confident that a war was averted between Japan and China, in which, in all probability, the United States would have become involved. If that be true, President Harding has laid the world under eternal obligation. At any rate the conference

proved that it was possible for the nations to confer, openly, frankly, fearlessly. Other conferences will follow. President Harding has shown us the way.

But this kindly man was not satisfied with a conference to limit armaments. He knew, and we all know, that the time has come to devise some means to make war as impossible between nations as it is between the different states of the Federal Union. He knew, as we all know, unless we are fools and blind, that one more world war will spell the end of white civilization. It is an open question even now whether the civilization of Europe is not slowly dying, wounded beyond healing. It is absolutely certain that another such war will destroy us all. Senator Johnson of California, recently returned from Europe, declares emphatically that another European war is brewing and may burst upon us at any moment. Every wise observer brings practically the same report. The President of the United States, in close touch through his ministers with foreign affairs, was well aware of the critical situation.

He knew, and we all know, that the two greatest nations of Europe have entered once more upon a race of armaments, the weapons this time being vessels that sail the air and other vessels that sail under the sea. He knew, and we all know, that the next war is going to be terrible beyond the imagination of man to conceive. Great cities will be destroyed in a day. Hundreds of thousands of people will be murdered in a night. Knowing all this, almost the last words of President Harding were, "We want no more war."

When on June 21 he spoke in St. Louis he devoted his whole address to this subject. He spoke in Missouri rather than elsewhere because Governor Hyde had opposed any step on the part of America looking toward the permanent establishment of world peace. In this address President Harding dwelt upon the enormous cost of war, in wealth and in men. This cost he declared must henceforth not be placed upon the shoulders of a part of the people. "If another war comes we will draft the whole nation," said he, "all men, all woman, all wealth." "When we do that there will be less war."

And what is the way out? To join the League of Nations? I believe that, but President Harding did not. He would have, however, a permanent supreme court of the nations where differences between them could be adjudicated as disputes between the states of the Union have been adjudicated for more than a hundred years. Eighty-five such disputes have been settled without strife in America by the ruling of the Supreme Court. Almost as many disputes between Canada and the United States, over boundary lines, fishery questions, disputes that would inevitably have led to war, have been settled by arbitration, and there has been no war for a century and a quarter. Let us have a Supreme Court of the World. That was President Harding's plea. How? Well, let opposing elements get together, concede something each to the other. "I am interested," said he, "in harmonizing opposing elements." Compromise? Yes, compromise. That is the way the Federal Union was created. A dozen different elements each conceded something to the others, and so we have the United States of America.

When Congress again assembles we shall hear fine eulogies of President Harding. An appropriation will be made to erect a great monument to his memory. Well, let us have it. But the noblest monument that could be erected to the glory of Warren Harding would be for Borah and Johnson and Woodrow Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge and Robert La Follette to get together, each concede something to the others in the friendly and kindly and humane spirit of Warren Harding, hit upon some plan upon which they can agree, and so with united forces move, and move at once, for the establishment of the International Supreme Court.

And let me say right here that we, as common people, "just folks," after the pattern of the man from Marion, loving our country and loving humanity, ought to let these statesmen who seem more intent upon fighting each other than they are upon saving the race, know that we demand that they shall get together and do something vital and do it soon, to the end that Warren Harding's words may come true: "We want no more war."

The last address that President Harding ever wrote was delivered in Hollywood to assembled Knights Templars, only a few hours before his death. The President was too ill to be present, and the speech was read by his secretary. Listen then to these final sentences as to a benediction: "We should glorify the Holy Name, not by words, not by praise, not by displays at arms, but by deeds and service in behalf of human brotherhood. Christ, the great exemplar of our order, repeatedly urged this truth upon his hearers. The lessons he taught were so simple and plain, so fashioned to be marked by the humblest among men, that they appealed to the reason and emotions of all. All his teachings were based upon the broad grounds of fraternalism and justice and understanding, from which flows always peace."

And so farewell, thou gentle, friendly, kindly, man. We will let others call thee great; we are content to call thee good. Good neighbor; good husband; good citizen; good American. What nobler title can any man desire? And yet to these we will add one more: good Christian, worthy follower of the Man of Nazareth. With such talents as were bestowed upon thee, thou hast been faithful. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

* * *

All things fulfil their purpose, low or high;
  There is no failure; death can never mar
  The least or greatest of the things that are.
Until our work is done we can not die;
When it is done, it matters not how nigh
  May be the night-time that is never far,
  That long ere sunset lights the evening star
Throws its still shadow up into the sky.

To-day shall end what yesterday begun;
  What we are planning others yet may build;
  The leaves may wither, but the tree shall grow;
And though, at last, we leave our work undone,
  Our life will not the less be all fulfilled,
  Our work will all be finished even so.

Chambers' Journal.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXXII Some Meditations upon India

John van Schaick, Jr.

COMING out from dinner the other night, a Canadian friend took me to task for a passing remark which he interpreted as a reflection upon the British Empire.

I told him that I liked all the British, English, Scotch, Irish, Canadians, Australians, and the rest; that I had worked closely with the British throughout the war; that I was a member of the "English Speaking Union;" but that I should not hesitate to oppose a "Tory" or a "reactionary" or a "bigot" in England any more than I should in America. He warmly shook my hand and dropped the matter.

In the midst of much loose talk about the British attitude on this subject or on that, I must insist that "British attitude" is no more a fixed, unwavering, unchanging thing than "American attitude." It varies both in different generations and in different parties of the same generation. Lloyd George was in power yesterday, Bonar Law to-day, and perhaps Arthur Henderson or some other Labor leader will be tomorrow.

We have had many discussions and debates on this ship about the British in India. Some people went to India prejudiced and they left India prejudiced. They looked for and they found just what they needed to stiffen their prejudices. Others went determined to see no faults or blemishes. Still others tried even in our short visit to get some kind of light on a situation as intricate and difficult as exists in world politics to-day.

As I see it, there is not one British attitude toward India; there are at least three.

First there is the old attitude of the British East India Company: commercial exploitation. It was no worse than that of the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Spanish, British, or any other trading nation. In fact in some ways it was better. But it was a harsh, cruel, selfish, grasping thing. From Plassey, 1757, on to the great mutiny of 1857, while it would not be fair to say that nothing was done for India, the main thought was money, and in some cases the rajahs paid over to the British colossal sums, either as penalties or as compensation for services rendered. Besides, the commerce itself was enormously profitable. Neither I, nor most Americans, nor most Englishmen, are proud of that record, however proud we all may be of examples of deathless valor of British troops, of orderly government gradually established, or of reforms like the abolition of thugs and of suttee, the burning of child widows.

Second: Since India passed to the Crown after the great mutiny of 1857, there is the attitude of strict and absolute rule by British officials, backed up by the British army. There have been mistakes in that rule, dark blots here and there upon it, but in the main it has been just and kind. And any man who knows anything about history must feel a thrill of pride at the stories of Lucknow and Cawnpore. What some of our people who traveled across India were most anxious to see were these historic spots. The characteristic thing about this rule has been tha it was the rule of a people regarded as an inferior by superior race. It might be and it generally was f India's good, but India had nothing to say about i

People are not informed who say that Englan was doing nothing in this period. In the midst all kinds of prejudices and in the face of all kinds difficulties, order was established, education begu epidemics and famine grappled with and British ju tice extended gradually over the whole peninsula.

There are many people in England and many i America, who endorse this kind of more or less ab solute government. With notable exceptions arm officers favor it and the conservative element is for i There is no question but what it is by far the mo efficient way to deal with backward peoples. Th fine young officer in command sees a thing that nee to be done, orders it and it is done. Under our ow army and under the civil government which followe it, the Philippines were cleaner, more sanitary, an had better schools than to-day.

Third: The British in India and the United State in the Philippines have embarked upon a vastly mo difficult undertaking—teaching and helping backwar peoples to rule themselves. It calls for a differen and better type of administrator—the man who ca reason with and teach a people instead of comman ing them. To all the intelligence and honesty an courage of the old administrator must be added a infinite patience and tact and kindness in the ne They are hard to find, but I think we have foun them in the United States army. What adds to th difficulty is the danger, always present, that when strong control is relaxed there may be an explosio Relaxing control also is uncomfortable for member of the "superior race" living there, and they go t work to create sentiment against the reforms.

In India the British are making an earnest an honest effort under what are called the Montagu Chelmsford Reforms, to teach the people to ru themselves. The new National Parliament of Indi was inaugurated Feb. 9, 1921. Under the new co stitution the British have turned over to local govern ments important matters like medical administratio public health, education, public works and wate supply, agriculture, fisheries, forestry, land revenu administration, police, prisons, administration o justice and many other things.

I have not the slightest hesitancy in expressin my admiration for the reforms instituted and my hop that they mark the beginning of a new day for Indi

What our tourists, however, had forced upo them in their brief visit were the enormous difficultie in the way.

There are land and labor troubles, like thos that exist in Europe and America.

There is danger of a spread of Bolshevism.

There is widespread illiteracy, superstition, fanat icism.

There is the caste system which won't let peopl

eat together, talk together, work together, or even touch one another.

There are many races and many great religions hostile to one another.

In the background is Mahatma Gandhi in prison, and millions of his followers refusing to take any part in government, appeal to any court, eat any British food, wear any British clothing or co-operate with the British in any way.

Nothing which I say about India has much value unless it be this: India is a subject to be studied. It is a thing to be modest about. And, above all, it is a time and place where everybody should be sympathetic and helpful.

If people believe with Gandhi that it is right to burn up clothing when people are naked and to destroy food when they are hungry; if they are convinced that roads, railroads, farm tractors, irrigation works, all modern machinery, and all modern institutions, doctors included, should be done away with—I can't argue with them. *I* don't believe it.

If they sympathize with Gandhi because they think as he does I can respect them. If they sympathize with him because they want to gloat over the embarrassment of Britain, they are despicable.

Now there are bad things in the British record, but the fine, manly, upstanding way in which they repudiate them half atones for them.

The treatment of Indians domiciled in South Africa by the Government of South Africa really gave Gandhi his first chance to become a leader, but nobody lifted up more powerful protests than the British Government of India. It was the California-Japanese question all over again, only both of the parties belonged to the Aryan race.

The massacres at Amritsar a year or so ago in putting down disorder shocked Indian opinion, but British opinion also. It cost 400 Indian lives, but the British Cabinet retired the officer responsible and said: "His action transgresses certain standards of conduct which no civilized government can, with impunity, neglect and which His Majesty's Government are determined to uphold." And those most critical of Britain ought to see the real issue. My friend P. W. Wilson has stated it admirably in some of his recent correspondence:

"The issue is not whether British rule is to continue or cease. British rule is to be regarded as a path, not as a goal. The decisive issue is whether India is to relapse into a former chaos or to achieve for the first time in her long annals a political unity, freedom from foreign aggression and an equal citizenship. . . . Is India to become the United States of Southern Asia with elected legislatures and ministers responsible to them, or is she to break up once more into kingdoms and provinces which would be, like China, a prey to the concession hunter, the imperialist, the Pan-Moslem and the Soviet?"

It has been said over and over again by every writer on the subject, but our people in the United States do not realize it yet, that India is not a country but a continent, that one-fifth of the whole human race, or 330,000,000 of people, live there, that on the continent are spoken fifty languages and 140 dialects, that part is governed by Britain and part by native rulers, that there are seventy of these native sovereigns ruling 70,000,000 people, and that they are likewise split up religiously.

James Freeman Clarke needed two large volumes in which to describe "Ten Great Religions" of the world. I can't describe them. I can't even name them. All I can say is that all are in India. But lines are not distinct. In spite of caste, races and peoples mingle and religions mingle and merge. The old basic Hindu faith modifies the Buddhism and the Mohammedanism of India. And near frontiers anything and everything can be found religiously mixed up together. Even Christians are amazed to find ancient incarnations and trinities in India.

And just as Christianity has split up into sects, so have the other great religions. There are many modifications of Hinduism for example, some noble and some ignoble.

One thing of which I can be perfectly sure in the midst of much about which I am not sure, is that it is not right from a Christian standpoint to leave India in the welter in which she is, but that it is our duty to help her out and to share with her our best.

Another thing of which I am just as sure is that if no religious motive inspired us to help, self protection is motive adequate. The world can not exist half slave and half free, half poverty-stricken and half prosperous, half diseased and half well, half fanatic and half enlightened. We can't afford to let one-fifth of our human kind go to the devil. Such a course is bound to react on us.

A third thing which I believe is that India needs Christianity. Christianity in India, Catholic and Protestant, cuts through caste, the worst evil of India, dignifies the position of women, frees childhood from child labor and child marriage, pushes education, introduces modern medicine, increases physical well-being and gives a religion of faith and hope and good works and personal morality for one largely based on superstition and exhibiting itself in ceremony.

But sure as it is that India needs Christianity, it is just as sure that the Nationalist movement in politics will profoundly affect the Christian missionary movement. Already Indian Christians are insisting upon native control of the Indian Church. The missionaries have long foreseen this and have been preparing for it, not through compulsion but conviction. They know that the way to help people is to help them do things for themselves.

Those who believe that all missionaries are the old hidebound, unprogressive lot some people assert them to be ought to examine two books prepared by the Central Committee (of the United States) for the United Study of Foreign Missions this year: "Building with India," by Daniel Johnson Fleming, and "Lighted to Lighten," by Alice B. van Doren.

"The growth of nationalism," says Fleming, "has made India sensitive. Educated, English-reading Indians, both Christian and non-Christian, are quick to resent any appeal that is judged unfair or unproportioned and to give publicity to their resentment in the public press. The world is so small that we might well imagine an intelligent Hindu present at every missionary meeting" (in the United States).

He then makes a powerful argument for the pre-

sentation of the good in Indian religions to the people back home. "And as long as we keep the perspective," he adds, "no fair-minded Indian will object to a picture which has its shadows as well as its sunshine."

Another striking thing is the testimony he brings to the help which Christian missionaries have had in their work from native Indian societies which are not Christian. An outstanding example is the Brahmo-Somaj, founded by Ram Mohan Roy. Roy was a friend of William Carey and Alexander Duff, two of the greatest missionaries to India. He was the leader of the movement which led the British government in 1829 to abolish the burning of child widows. The Brahmo-Somaj took the lead in fighting child marriages and raising the age of consent.

Dr. Fleming also says: "The Brahmo-Somaj has done much to bring people to an unprejudiced study of Christ and to consider seriously the truth of belief in a single God."

Ram Mohan Roy studied Sanskrit, Arabic, Greek and Hebrew literature and wrote: "The consequence of my long and uninterrupted researches into religious truth has been that I have found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles and better adapted to rational beings than any others which have come to my knowledge."

I hesitate to let these words go out because there is so much I can not say. I have not told about the Isabella Thoburn College for Women at Lucknow, the Madras College for Women and the new Medical School for Women at Vellore.

They not only give girls a chance for development but they fill them full of the spirit of service, so that they take their vacations to minister to the most hopeless cases of poverty and disease in their villages. Whatever the school and whatever the course, they all learn simple medicine, and get a desire to help.

That to me has been the great thing about Hampton and Tuskegee in our own country. The graduates not only are equipped economically with something society needs and will pay for, they are filled with the spirit of service. Some call it the Hampton spirit or the Tuskegee spirit. Others call it the spirit of Christ.

In Hong Kong I met a co-worker of Tagore, and got a letter to him. One of the things above all else I wanted to do was to go the three or four hours' journey from Calcutta and find him. It is an inexpressible regret that I could not do it.

He is not Gandhi fighting progress, nor is he Sastri serving as an ambassador of the new government. He is the poet, the lecturer, the teacher, the friend trying to interpret the "East to the West and the West to the East."

"I can never read Tagore again," said somebody lately, "since I have seen this or that wretched thing in India." Just why, I don't know. This is another thing to study. He seems to me to be a leader for India to follow.

His latest plan to found at his school a university where East and West may meet to study together, to learn of one another, to help one another, seems to me beyond all praise. He doesn't believe that "never the twain shall meet." Nor do I. If I did, I should give up my belief in what our little creed calls the "spiritual authority and leadership of His son, Jesus Christ."

Red Sea, May 1, 1923.

Austin Barclay Fletcher---An Appreciation

Frederick A. Bisbee

BECAUSE I knew the man so well, his virtues and his faults, I would write of him for those who should know him better than they did while he was still with us. From the time when we were both in Tufts back in the '70s, we were intimate in our friendship.

Because I understood and appreciated his ideals and hopes and was eager to do all I could in furthering them, he trusted me with his confidence. My value to him was very largely as a connection with his special hobby, Tufts College. My position as editor of the *Universalist Leader* gave me exceptional opportunities to know the attitude of public opinion and just how different men officially and unofficially stood regarding the people and policies upon "the Hill." His first question when he dropped into my office on his frequent visits to Boston was, "What is the news?" meaning always the news about Tufts. He usually had a room at the Bellevue and would telephone me to come up to lunch with him, and when I could not conveniently get away he would come to the office and we would go out to some restaurant in the vicinity for a modest meal, and then talk about every phase of college life and the attitude of the Church towards the institution which he always recognized as the child of the Universalist Church.

I came to realize that he was the most misunderstood and misjudged man I had ever known, for other men—many of them—talked to me about him. They called him names and impugned his motives. That he was in a way to blame for this does not change the fact. From the time he was a student he showed a streak of what was generally regarded as arrogance and vanity. He openly proclaimed that he was going out into the world to get rich, and then he was going to do great things. His confidence in himself amused some and irritated others, and when he went out and did what he proposed to do a great many doubted whether it was more than a big bluff, and others jealously questioned the motives and methods.

So it came about that Barclay Fletcher was a very lonely man. Many sought him for ulterior reasons, thinking to use him, but he was ever, in spite of his open-mindedness and warm-heartedness, a very shrewd man, and few could fool him. His seeming impulsiveness always was purposeful. So he walked alone with few genuine personal friends. He was of an affectionate disposition, but never allowed it to bend him from his big purpose.

I rode out with him on the train to Franklin one Saturday, but a few days before his wife died, and he told me he could not be in church where I was to preach the next day, because she was dying, and I watched that great strong man wilt under his sense

of loss, for, as he said, when she was gone he would be all alone in the world—and he was, and remained so to the end. Then it was I was proud of his manhood, and I think then began our close friendship which never faltered.

We must judge him by his time and his position in the business world, and when the hard-hearted and those who had no vision charged him with personal ambition and even with evil methods, I simply asked them to show me the facts, and they could only answer with rumor. It is true he became wealthy by the methods of business obtaining in his time, and I am not defending and would not defend all those methods. Men charged him with selfishness and said that he never did anything for anybody, and yet he claimed great wealth. He never did much publicly, but he was always doing far more than will ever be known. Here is one instance:

One day when we were dining together he took from his pocketbook the copy of a prayer he had heard given by Dean Leonard at Commencement, and said the prayers of the Dean should be preserved, and I said it was an ambition of Dean Leonard to publish them, but never a hope—it was impossible. Dr. Fletcher asked me to state right off what a dignified volume of them would cost to issue, and I made a rough guess that it would cost not less than $200. He said at once, "Go ahead and get it out and send the bill to me." He said he did not know the Dean very well, but all through the years he had watched him about the campus, and listened to his public prayers, and felt they should be put in permanent form. I did this work for him and the Dean, and the book was issued. Dr. Leonard wished to dedicate it to Dr. Fletcher, but the feeling in the college was so strong that there is only a distantly implied expression of gratitude for the service rendered. This is but one instance of many where Dr. Fletcher helped worthy men and worthy causes.

All the time that he was thinking of the big things he was going to do and because of which he would not fritter away his resources in small things, he was unjustly thought selfish. He had a large vision which obsessed him. He was going to do wonderful things for Tufts. He was selfish only for the ultimate results. He did not want money for personal uses. He lived well but never extravagantly. He did not want it for power, save as power would contribute to his supreme ambition. I have little doubt that had he lived ten years longer his bequest to his college would have been ten millions of dollars instead of three.

He was in his heart deeply religious, but all his early training was along the lines of oratory and he could not endure the very best sermon if it was badly delivered. He took a keen interest in the Divinity Schools of Tufts College and Boston University and he was pained when they did not make good, but that was his instinctive attitude. He was glad to help many young men in business, but they must make good. He wanted results.

He was an effective student. He wisely utilized the products of others. At the semi-centennial of Tufts he gave the historical address, and it was a masterpiece and delivered in a masterly manner. Whosoever would know the real beginnings and achievements of the college will find this address a treasure chamber.

He was of fine presence and dressed well and fittingly, as was not only a privilege but a duty. He could not endure slovenliness in raiment or speech, and his dignity was always impressive, whether presiding at Commencement or at the college banquet. So he seemed to set himself apart in cold haughtiness. Men did not know him and could not, for he would not let them. His faults were many, but I did not notice them because I had learned to know and love the man of large vision.

He is a great loss to a number of institutions of learning to which he was a generous patron. He is a great loss to those who knew him as a friend, and in these days when people are speaking of him, and not always kindly, in connection with his ambitions and his money, I desire as a friend who knew him intimately and who saw him from another and better side to register this tribute.

His success was undoubtedly due to concentration upon one purpose, which had for its object the general good. Had he been really selfish, really without high ideals, he could easily have distributed his wealth all along the way and, instead of being lonely and misjudged and misunderstood, he could have been the center of a multitude.

But he chose his course according to his light, and there is no need to worry about honors from those who benefit through him, and love from all who really knew the man.

International Figures at the Institute of Politics

Frank D. Adams

IT would be difficult to find a more ideal place than Williamstown for a gathering of this character. In this quiet village, nestling in the lap of the Berkshire Hills, there is nothing to distract attention from the business in hand. There is opportunity to study as much as one's time and inclination will permit, and under expert guidance. All the facilities of the Williams College library are available to the members of the Institute; and outlines and syllabuses are provided for all the courses offered. And this in addition to the privilege of seeing and hearing these experts in person, catching their spirit and understanding their point of view.

To house properly its six hundred or more students, Williams College must depend almost wholly upon its own dormitories. The town is too small to afford accommodations in the homes of its citizens. Consequently several large buildings serve this purpose, and more are in course of construction. During the summer vacation these dormitories are empty, and during the period of the Institute they are placed at the disposal of the visitors at an absurdly low cost. Thirty dollars pays for a comfortably furnished suite of rooms, with light and care, for the whole session. Board is provided at the college commons at $12.50 per week, and right good board it is, too. All in all,

any one with a serious purpose, wishing to spend a highly profitable month, could scarcely find a place or opportunity equal to this. Even the weather is favorable. On the hottest days the lecture-rooms and living quarters are cool, and the nights are simply delightful.

* *

This is truly an interesting gathering. Eminent men from abroad are found not only on the lecturing staff but among the body of students. South America, Asia, Europe, all are represented. Long ago Pope reminded the world that the proper study of mankind is man. Never was the aphorism better exemplified than at Williamstown. Of course it is unfair to judge a nation by one or even a considerable number of its representatives. No argument is needed to prove that obvious truth. But it may reasonably be assumed that the men in a gathering of this sort are more truly representative of their respective nations than is ordinarily the case. We are justified, therefore, in so regarding them.

Among the foreign lecturers are five outstanding figures. From the southern hemisphere comes Dr. Estanislas S. Zeballos, entrusted by the President of the Argentine with a special mission to the Institute. Dr. Zeballos has been Foreign Minister of Argentine, and three times president of the Argentine House of Representatives. His general subject is "A New Type of State," as exemplified in his own nation.

In this statesman are seen the peculiar traits of the Latin-American culture and civilization as it has come down to us through the Spanish line. He has a rather thick-set figure, a round face, gray hair and mustache. He is badly handicapped by the fact that his command of English is very imperfect. But this has been overcome in his lectures by the very practical device of furnishing printed translations to the audience. Though technical and detailed, his lectures are extremely interesting. And everything indicates his thoroughly kind spirit and his great eagerness to have North Americans understand his nation. His brief remarks, when resolutions were adopted on the death of President Harding, were intimate, gracious and very much to the point. He is a valuable man in a conference of this kind.

For the first time since its organization a German has been invited to lecture at the Institute. Count Harry Kessler, of Berlin, both in speech and appearance seems more like an Englishman than a German. No doubt his long residence in England and his period of study at Oxford account for this. He has an athletic figure, tall and rather slender. Smooth-faced, dark-skinned and lean almost to the point of emaciation, he gives an impression of nervous vitality and alertness. He was an officer in the Germany army and saw service for two years on the eastern front. After the war he was the first minister of the German republic to Poland. When diplomatic relations with Poland were broken off, he returned to Berlin and took a leading part in organizing the no-more-war demonstration in that city. He is at present a director of the peace society and editor-in-chief of the *Deutsche Nation*, the principal organ of the German democratic party.

Quite a furore was caused by an interview which Count Kessler gave to the papers immediately upon his arrival at Williamstown. He depicted conditions in Europe, and Germany especially, as grave to the point of imminent crisis, and his criticism of the French policy in the Ruhr was severe. This interview was telegraphed all over the country and created no little interest. It was made the text of many editorials in metropolitan journals. Consequently his lectures were anticipated with extraordinary interest, and a houseful of people, including not only members of the Institute of Politics but citizens from considerable distances, assembled to hear his initial address. But if any one came expecting to hear the kind of thing his published interview seemed to promise, he was vastly disappointed. His words were frank, straightforward and irenic, studiously calculated to conciliate and furnish a basis of friendly understanding.

Drawing upon his war experience as an officer on the eastern front, the Count gave a graphic description of the horrors attending the Russian retreat. He also took occasion to emphasize, what most of us have known for a long time, that most of the atrocity stories were pure fabrications, inspired by the spirit of propaganda. He seemed a war-hater to his finger-tips; and he rose to heights of real eloquence when he declared that the worst and most far-reaching result of the war was "the poisoning of the moral atmosphere," and the legacy of hatred that will go on to coming generations. Armaments, he declared, only frightened people instead of giving them a sense of security, causing them to live in a spirit of constant dread. Altogether Count Kessler made a fine impression, and the German people are to be congratulated upon their representative at Williamstown.

I find it curiously difficult to discuss the impression made upon me by the lecturer who is interpreting the French position. Canon Ernest Dimnet, of Paris, is a puzzle. By reason of his "cloth," if no other, I expected something different. This is no time to be over-sensitive or hypercritical, for the international situation is already under a terrific strain. But the simple truth is that Canon Dimnet, in his lectures so far at the Institute, has not advanced the French cause. Analysis is almost impossible, because the thing I feel in listening to him is intangible and elusive. It is not a quality to be weighed or appraised, but a spirit. He took pains to explain that he was not a pacifist, implying that there were no thorough-going pacifists, that at some time or other they all condone war. Maybe he was right.

Canon Dimnet gives one the impression of being always on the defensive; and in this he is, no doubt, fairly representative of the present French attitude. Not exactly truculent, but just a bit defiant, as if to say: "This is our position. We are in the right. If you don't like it, so much the worse for you." A day or two after his first lecture before the Institute, he received an anonymous letter, signed "Americanus," in which he was denounced as a sower of hatred. Of course it was unpardonable for any one to write such a letter to an invited guest from a great sister nation, doubly so to hide behind such a pseudonym. But after listening to the Canon's second lecture (I did not hear the first) I could understand precisely how

one might be provoked to write in that vein. High-minded people rightly despise any one who lacks the courage to sign his name to anything he has written. President Garfield did the wise and proper thing in disavowing the insult and apologizing to Canon Dimnet. But who does not have sufficient unregenerate human nature in his makeup to understand the motives of those who may be lacking in self-control?

I want it strictly understood that I am here writing my own sentiments, and no one else is in any degree responsible for them. But this must not be taken to mean that they are not shared by a great many. And I do not hesitate to assert that Canon Dimnet, so far at least, has done his nation a distinct disservice in his public utterances before the Institute.

It is refreshing to turn to a consideration of the two dominant figures from Great Britain. I am by no means an Anglophile, and I doubt that many in the Institute of Politics could be fairly so described. Blood kinsmen are apt to be sharply critical of each other, and there is no feud like that between relatives. History has afforded quite sufficient ground for some good-sized grudges between England and the United States, a fact which jingoes and the jingo press never overlook. But the simple truth is that blood is thicker than water. And when the spirit of good-will prevails, there are no friends like those of one's own family stock.

All this may have some bearing upon the case in point. At any rate, Philip Henry Kerr and Sir Edward Grigg are the prime favorites of the Institute. Both are well qualified by experience for the delicate task that devolves upon them here. Both have held the position of secretary to Lloyd George, and they have had access to all the inner secrets of war-time and post war-time diplomacy. Both are big, wholesome, handsome, upstanding men, who deal with their subjects straightforwardly and with an engaging frankness. They do not claim that Great Britain is impeccable or infallible, but rather on the contrary. Where they feel that condemnation is due, they condemn the British policy unsparingly. For example, Sir Edward called the Treaty of Lausanne "a degrading document," with special reference to the British participation in it. And with the same candor they claim the credit which they feel is due for what Great Britain has actually accomplished.

But the thing that characterizes these men is also a spirit, and it is perhaps best described by calling it the recognition of moral power and rightness. They realize that, unless there is a great rightness behind every cause, it must ultimately fail, in spite of all the physical force that may be arrayed in its behalf. They have faith in that strange power that men call weakness. The penitential, albeit rugged, spirit that breathes in Kipling's "Recessional" is implicit in everything they say. Of "reeking tube and iron shard" they are frankly weary and wholly disillusioned. They crave something better, and believe that the time is ripe to seek it that haply it may be found.

To such a spirit we respond with a great throb of sympathy and a new thrill of hope. If it represents fairly and in any great degree the real attitude of the people and government of Great Britain, the future is full of promise. For in this gigantic American republic are many millions who are ready and eager to join heart and hand in a crusade to make it effective in the new councils of the world.

Williamstown, Mass., Aug. 6, 1923.

Facts about the American Church in Paris

THE American Church, the religious home of many Universalists as well as members of all other denominations living in Paris, was founded in 1857, being the first American Church built on the continent. The carrying out of this plan for a building was made possible by the wise and efficient care of Dr. Kirk, at that time pastor of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, Boston. Dr. Kirk, who knew France well and spoke the French language fluently, was granted a leave of absence to carry through the work, already in its inception, to completion.

The funds necessary for the purchase of land and building of the church were contributed by many friends of religious work, some in the United States, some in France. All the larger denominations were represented among the contributors. So considerable a proportion of the contributors and attendants at the earlier services were members of the Episcopal Church that, in deference to their love for their own liturgy, the services of the morning always followed the Episcopal ritual, while the second service was of a type associated with the non-liturgical churches. This arrangement continued until the group of Episcopalians became large enough to organize a service of their own, first in a hall and afterwards in a small church, but the inclusive character of the church on the rue de Berri has always been maintained to such a degree that a group of Episcopalians has always remained in its congregation.

In the long history of the church there have been pastors of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations, and it has been not at all unusual for pastors of six or seven different denominations to be among the preachers in a single year. A year ago, in looking carefully over the rolls, it was found that members of ten different denominations were among the active members. This union character of the church is something which certainly deserves emphasis, and it has occurred again and again that men and women have served together in its various activities for months without knowing the precise denomination one of the other.

Except for a few weeks when the Commune was raging in Paris, services have been held without interruption throughout the years. There is no vacation season with this church as regards Sunday services, which are often more largely attended in summer than in winter. If a church's importance is to be measured by the number of different individuals who worship within its walls, the American Church in Paris is among the most significant churches bearing the American name.

During the season from October to May regular organized activities are maintained for men and women and young people. In its four years of exist-

ence the Men's Club, for example, shows an attendance of over five hundred different men, and the large Ladies' Association would probably reveal a more numerous attendance of different individuals.

The relations of the church with French Protestantism have always been very close, the pastor of the church being regularly a member of the General Committee of the McAll Mission and of other committees having a somewhat international character. During the war the pastor, Dr. Chauncey W. Goodrich, was a member of more than ten French committees. "It is not unusual," said Dr. Goodrich," to have French services held in the church or to welcome our French brothers at our services in large numbers when conspicuous preachers like Spurgeon or Moody have spoken from the pulpit. It was this church which was attended by President Wilson during the Peace Conference, by Secretary Lansing, and a number of other members of the Commission, and during the war, month after month, the church was so crowded by soldiers that the aisles were lined with chairs."

An important work formerly closely associated with the church, and now organically connected with it, owing to the fact that it is directed by one of the pastors, is that which is known under the title of the Student Atelier Meetings in the Latin Quarter. These meetings were organized more than twenty-five years ago by Dr. Wood, now of the Church of the Covenant in Washington. They have been a notable feature in the life of the student colony and have gathered in the aggregate thousands at the Sunday evening meetings, while during the week the student pastor has been in constant touch with many students whom he could serve in one way or another. The present pastor of the church in charge particularly of this branch of the work is the Rev. Paul Burt, son of Bishop Burt of the Methodist Church. By the interesting services on Sunday evening, which are notable because of their fine music and friendly spirit, and by the use of their home, where people are constantly welcomed, Mr. and Mrs. Burt are rendering a large and gracious service.

The successor to Dr. Goodrich, who will reach Paris at the latter part of August, is Dr. Joseph Cochran, until recently pastor of the Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church of Detroit. It was one of the tasks of the latter part of Dr. Goodrich's pastorate to attempt to raise funds sufficient for the purchase of a church house, and about half the sum necessary is now in hand. With little delay this plan should be pushed to completion, so that the developing activities of the church may have a fitting home. At present all sorts of organizations are compelled to meet in rented quarters.

The Rev. Chauncey W. Goodrich, D. D., who has just resigned from this church, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, son of Dr. William H. Goodrich, pastor of the Old Stone Presbyterian Church. He was educated in New England, graduating from Yale University in 1886, and remaining for a year as graduate secretary of the University Young Men's Christian Association, of which he had been president. His theological course was taken at Union Theological Seminary, New York, and for three years after his graduation from this institution he was assistant to Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, these years covering Dr. Parkhurst's well-known fight with Tammany and other forces of civic corruption. A pastorate of six years in Orange, New Jersey, and of three years in Cleveland, Ohio, followed.

From Cleveland, Dr. Goodrich was called to Paris in 1904, and entered upon his first pastorate of the American Church on Jan. 1, 1905. Six years later, his health being somewhat impaired, he returned to America after a short period of travel, to remain six years, during the greater part of which he was pastor of the Bowdoin College Church at Brunswick, Maine. In the spring of 1917, just as America entered the war, he was recalled to Paris, to remain for another six years, which ended May 29, 1923.

What Is Leadership?

Elbert W. Whippen

THE purpose, the *raison d'etre,* of organized religion is to advance the welfare of society. Emphasis in this article is to be exclusively on the word *advance.* Progress is being impeded by a want of adequate leaders, and nowhere more than in the Church.

At this juncture in the deliberations of the Universalist Church, when on all sides are being heard private chatterings about the inadequacy of leadership in the Church, it is pertinent to raise the fundamental issue—What is leadership?

The more is this discussion necessary because both people and leaders need to know the answer. The people elected whom they wanted at Baltimore, and the history of the last four years is on their heads. The leaders chosen might, however, have developed a new policy, a thing which they obviously failed to do. So it is to be understood that both people and leaders have in a real sense failed society. It is largely because of the failure of people to understand what leadership is that this catastrophe has occurred.

The sweep of reaction against Mr. Wilson in 1920 seems about to be repeated in kind at Providence. The Washington Drive has been a failure. Many of the people are ready to lay the blame entirely on their leaders. It is true that they are largely responsible. But the onus of blame rests also on those who have allowed it to go on unchallenged. To turn out the leaders who obeyed the Convention at Detroit is not a solution of the difficulty. (I quite agree with my conservative brethren that negative action is not constructive.)

The right solution of the present difficulty is to substitute strong leadership for weak leadership, and to do this we must understand what is true leadership. It is a fundamental problem—philosophical, if you please—but preliminary to right action.

If society is to advance it must have men out ahead whom the people will follow. That is leadership. To keep the figure of a pilgrimage, those who take care of the provisions on the march are not the leaders; those who entertain the band of followers

in the evenings by the campfires with ditties and funny stories, are not leaders; those who take care of the footsore, the wounded, the discouraged, can not be called leaders. Leaders may perform all of these functions—care of the equipment, development of morale, inspiration of the weak—but that is not the primary function of the leader. When the march is on, the leader is to be found out ahead—leading the way. That is his sacred task!

It has been ever thus. Jesus, Paul, St. Francis, Napoleon, Lincoln—who would have remembered these leaders, who would have loved them, so completely, had they not in truth led in their campaigns—striding out beyond the known to conquer the unknown?

People and leaders must decide if they want this kind of leadership, that will reach out beyond the known and make new history. The past few years have obviously not been that. They have been years of exaggeration of the importance of what already exists.

One reason for this is that people are afraid to be led—afraid of any one who suggests changes. Another reason is that those in positions of leadership have not suggested new steps.

If we can decide that we want progress and progressive leadership, which will carry our denomination into advanced crusades, then we can consider the attributes of leadership.

One such attribute is *knowledge*. In every field of action to-day the first requisite is to know the conditions under which the work is to be done. He who would be an adequate leader in the development of religious welfare must know and face the conditions of the Church, the problems of the ministry, the situation in theological schools, and a host of other facts. It would seem to some that our present leaders, with all the traveling about that they have done in the late years, would have known better than to permit the Washington Drive to be launched. A knowledge of the physical conditions and local needs of our churches is of essential value to the possible leader.

A second requisite for leadership in religion is *a sound philosophical and social training*. It is not enough to know about the details of the organization in which one works. It is necessary further to comprehend what kind of world we live in, what its laws are, what are the vital needs of its people—to see life whole. It is significant that, at the close of the war, when the Friends reached out their hands to serve suffering and starving Europe, the other denominations of America reached out their hands to see what they could get. One can enjoy the speculation as to what half a million dollars would do in relief in Europe today, as contrasted with the ugly thought of its investment in a cathedral, which at most could be but a beautiful sight. It would seem that sound philosophy and social vision would prohibit extravagant leadership of this kind. Shall we not add these qualities to our list?

A third requisite of leadership is *sensitiveness to needs*. This is essentially different from sensitiveness to desires. A false idea of leadership maintains that the leader must do what the people wish. That may be obedience, but it is not leadership.

It is distinctly the leader's function to direct the followers. To do this successfully he must study their needs, know their peculiarities, understand their weaknesses, and then form the program of action himself. This is true whether the leader be a trustee, a superintendent, an editor, or a local minister.

Of what use would Jesus have been if he had allowed the Jews to tell him whither to lead? To what end would Lincoln have worked if he had decided to be directed by his Cabinet in the matter of the proclamation of 1863? Where would Emerson have led if he had bowed to the will of the majority of his day? Taken historically, that is a silly view of leadership. Yet how many of you are ready for another kind?

A fourth attribute of leadership is *independence of spirit*. We must not forget this. The leader who deserves the name will not be swayed by the unthinking mob. For this reason he will seldom be *chosen* leader. Generally, except by accident, he will have to force himself upon the people.

By a curious trick of fate, people like for a time the good fellow, the jolly chap, the neutralizer. They like to be told they are the best looking people he has ever seen. They like to be duped. It is almost universal with crowds.

The consequence is that in the beginning of acquaintance the shallow type is chosen frequently for leadership. This accounts for the failure of most real leaders to be recognized until late in life. *They won't play the game*. They are too reticent, too deep, too great, for the people to appreciate.

Yet independence of spirit, certain aloofness from low humor, a real sense of humor, is a necessary asset for the leader. In spite of their apparent seriousness, most leaders get a lot of fun out of life from the people's silly mistakes, only it is on a higher plane.

A fifth requisite is *a sense of eternity*. Most people want to see the results of their labor in their lifetime, or even within a decade. So they build cathedrals, construct elaborate organizations, and do the "concrete."

Fortunately some realize that life will go on after they are gone, and after physical creations have crumbled and vanished. These true leaders of humanity build human lives, and write their lives indelibly on the human character of their age. Who remembers what Popes directed the building of the great cathedrals of Rheims, Notre Dame in Paris, or St. Peter's in Rome? Yet who can forget the beautiful character written in human flesh and blood and purpose by a St. Francis of Assisi?

The romantic age of religion is always one of ideals. We have been living in a classical age of forms and physical creations. Hence a cathedral project instead of a spiritual crusade—an immediate object instead of an eternal service. Certainly those who want a vigorous leadership must find leaders who think in terms of centuries and future ages. A sense of eternity is needed.

Other qualities must grace the life of the true religious leader, but these five seem of essential importance—knowledge of the Church, deep philosophical and social background, sensitiveness, independence of spirit, and a sense of eternity. Having these the

leader will surely act wisely and progressively in the interest of the great cause which he serves.

An accurate answer to the question, What is leadership? is but the beginning of the task which the Universalist constituency have in hand. But it is the first need.

Every Convention is regarded as the most critical in our history. So will be the one at Providence. Whatever of hope exists is in the fact that a chance is offered for the people to decide what kind of leadership they want. It is to the fulfilment of this hope that this article is dedicated.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Restaurant Cow

I ENTERED a Restaurant, and I looked about me, and I saw Certain Signs. And one of them said:

Our Milkman Keepeth a Cow.

And this was intended to be Commendation of the Milk and Cream which they served in that Restaurant.

Now I was not drinking Milk that day, but I ordered a Steak.

And when the Steak came, I essayed to Cut it, but I think that it was Lightning Proof. And I essayed to Bite it, but I was not Able.

And when the Maiden who waited upon me returned and gave unto me my Check, I spake unto her, saying:

Thy Milkman keepeth his Cow Too Long. This Steak was from a Cow that thy Milkman's Grandsire must have held Very Dear.

And she answered me not, but smiled a little, as if to say:

I fear indeed that the Steak was Tough, but that is no fault of mine.

And she was right about it.

But I thought of folk who proclaim a Single Virtue and forget the others; and whose attention to the Cow in the days when she giveth Milk may lead them to forget that Steaks are better when they are Tender and Juicy.

Beloved, there are so few Virtues in the world that a man who hath even one of them is entitled to some credit, and it surely becometh the keeper of a Restaurant to patronize a Milkman who keepeth a Cow. But be not too proud of thy one little Ewe Lamb of Virtue, but see to it that others are added unto it.

For it is not enough for thy Milkman to furnish thee Milk. Milk is for Babes, and Strong Men desire a Good Beefsteak. Even so the world needeth not only the Virtues which thou hast, but those also which thou dost lack.

* * *

DR. GULICK IN THE FAR EAST

"The only solution of international as well as national problems in the Far East lies in following Christian principles. The spirit of Jesus must rule."

To a body of Churchmen in Washington the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Good Will of the Federal Council of Churches, a noted authority on the Far East who has just returned from nearly a year in the north and south of China, in Korea, in Japan and in the Philippines, made this report. He declared that the questions vexing the United States and Japan can be solved only along the same lines.

"The anti-Christian movement which reached its height a little more than a year ago has died down," he said. "Christian missions are exercising great influence in the national life of both China and Japan. In this lies the hope of the situation. The problems of China will gradually be solved as the young men who have been trained in Western countries and in the mission schools gradually take charge of affairs."

In Japan Dr. Gulick received wide welcome. Union meetings of Christians were held in twenty-five cities. He was given thirty-eight luncheons or banquets by churches, chambers of commerce, business men and foreign residents. These dinners were in the larger cities like Yokohama, Kioto, Osaka and Kobe, and upon the night before he left Japan he was given a big dinner in Tokyo by the Japan-American Relations Committee, at which Viscount Shibusawa presided.

In China many meetings were held to receive his message from the churches of America. He met scores of men of influence in the various cities. He visited South China as well as the North. In Korea he was given a score of banquets and addressed three big meetings of Koreans besides those for Japanese and for missionaries.

In the four countries—China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines—Dr. Gulick made 296 addresses, 155 of them in Japan and 109 in China.

As a result of his attendance at the first annual meeting of the National Christian Council of China, a committee on international relations was established through which the churches of China will be able to study international questions, speak on international matters and co-operate with the churches of other nations in the program of the Church Universal for a Warless World.

Dr. Gulick went to the Far East to carry to the various church bodies a message from the Federal Council of Churches and the World Alliance for Friendship through the Churches. Invitations to the various churches in the Far East to co-operate in the world campaign for a warless world were extended and accepted.

* * *

NEAR EAST RELIEF

Binghamton, N. Y., Mrs. Andrew Marsh	$ 2.00
Binghamton, N. Y., C. E. Petty	1.00
Glendale, Cal., Mrs. Julia Goss	60.00
Gloversville, N. Y., "M."	4.00
Hyannis, Mass., Church	44.51
Medford, Mass., Mission Circle	20.00
Middletown, N. Y., M. D. Whittock	5.00
Morristown, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Dodge	30.00
New Haven, Conn., First Church	25.00
Roxbury, Mass., Rev. Stanley Spear	25.00
Roxbury, Mass., Martha Emery	6.00
Roxbury, Mass., Zoe Miller	7.00
Total	$229.51

* * *

WARNING FOR SWAINS

According to his father, young Lew was undoubtedly the unluckiest fellow alive.

"Consider the last case," declaimed the old man. "Lew goes to the city and falls in love with a girl that lives out in one of the suburbs. And then she throws him down."

"That's nothing," remarked an auditor. "There's lots of girls."

"That ain't the point. The point is that the girl threw him down on his second trip to her place, and he'd went to work and bought a fifty-ride commutation ticket."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Home and Children

SPECTERS

Not great ambitions gone astray
And lost forever by the way;
Not buds of youthful hope once bright
Grown withered in approaching night—
  Not these the phantoms of my heart
  That haunt me, and will not depart.

Good deeds bethought but not begun,
The kindly acts so easy done;
Sad eyes I might have comforted;
The sorrows of the loved—and dead:—
  These are the ghosts that bring me dole,
  And cast a shadow on my soul.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

* * *

THE DARN-CANDY PARTY

Rose Brooks

"A PACKAGE for you? Believe there is—box here somewhere." And the genial rural postman rummaged through the depths of a cavernous leathern bag. "Here it is, and two cents due. Worth it?"

Helen Burns took the package eagerly, and instantly recognized her father's writing. "Guess it is worth it!" she said joyously. "Wouldn't you give two cents for a box of candy? Will it be all right if I leave the pennies in the box to-morrow? It's a long run to the house and back in this sun," she added, looking beyond the circle of shade in which she stood to the glare of a midsummer sun.

"All right, if there's a piece of candy with the pennies," joked the postman. "All is, I hope it isn't melted." And with a cluck to his brown horse, his buggy creaked down the road to the next mail-box.

"I wonder if it is melted," pondered Helen. "I can't put it in our ice-box to harden up, because we haven't a pound of ice and won't have till day after to-morrow. Mrs. Templeton would let me put it in hers, I know she would, and she's never out of ice with a whole ice-house full of her own."

Plans buzzed busily through Helen's golden head as she looked down the road at Mrs. Templeton's little shingled house a quarter of a mile away. "Hasn't been any real candy on this hill for goodness knows how long," she thought delightedly; "and I guess they'd just love to come, hot as it is, and I could make some lemonade cold enough with water from the spring and there are plenty of crackers. Course Mother wouldn't mind, and I might as well go now and ask Mrs. Templeton if I may put the box on the ice, and I'll ask the girls over her telephone. I wonder if ours is ever going to be fixed."

Sudden suspicion filled Helen's mind as she was about to leave her friendly tree for the dusty stretch of road leading to Mrs. Templeton's. "Is it heavy enough for candy?" she wondered, lifting the box from the rustic bench where she had laid it. "Why, it's light," and Helen looked hastily through the letters in her hand to see if there was one from her father. "Not a thing to-day, either to Mother or me. I suppose I'd better open it to make sure." But on the point of breaking the string her face cleared. "Of course—Turkish paste! Father knows I love it better'n any other kind. And wasn't he quick about sending it! I didn't really ask for it—all I said was, I didn't remember when I'd seen a piece of candy. Such a big box!"

All doubts gone, Helen walked leisurely toward Mrs. Templeton's. As she had predicted her neighbor's refrigerator was fully iced; there was room on its shelves for the candy; and to be sure, she was welcome to the telephone.

Indeed they would come—enthusiasm in the voice of every girl. Turkish paste? Was there still candy in the world? Three o'clock? Wasn't three very late? Wasn't two o'clock much better? No, nobody cared a fig for the heat. Helen's vine-covered piazza, lemonade and crackers, and a big box of Turkish paste,—what more alluring?

Next day at two o'clock five young girls of Helen's own age loitered up the piazza steps and with sighs of content dropped in hammocks and wicker chairs.

"We've brought our work," said Alice, "though it's too hot to think about it yet."

"We're all making sweaters. We began yesterday," Elinor explained to Mrs. Burns, who, cool in white, was darning stockings—her own and Helen's.

"Lovely," said Mrs. Burns. "All to be maize color? Girls can knit better than they can darn, can't they?"

On a round wicker table a brown-wrapped parcel waited. "Our real party," Helen said, "so it's given place of honor. I have the lemons all squeezed, and while you are cooling off I'm going to the spring for water. We'll have everything right off, so we can keep nibbling. I'll make two 'normous pitchers full. No, nobody is to help, because I'm cool. It's nothing to get the water."

Presently gay workbags were open and five pairs of nimble hands began work on the maize sweaters. "We want to have them ready to wear to school," Marcia explained.

"I should think they *were* 'normous pitchers!" exclaimed Alice when Helen reappeared with a tray. "And all kinds of goody crackers! It's a party without the Turkish paste."

"Oh, no," said Helen, deprecatingly. "The paste's the party; and just as soon as you've each a plate and napkin we'll open it. Lemonade, Mummy?"

"Off comes the first wrapping," she announced two minutes later. "Off comes the second wrapping! Funny it isn't white paper. Off comes the last string! Now, ladies, off comes the cover!"

Off did come the cover, and for at least a minute Mrs. Burns and six young girls sat speechless, eyes on the box in Helen's hand.

"Oh!" Helen's voice was a wail. "And I asked you to a Turkish-paste party!"

Peal upon peal of helpless laughter followed her lament. Turkish paste? Not exactly. Packed neatly, layer on layer, in a two-pound candy box, were father's socks—brown socks, gray socks, blue socks—with a brief penciled request, "Please mend," on top.

"O Mummy, did you know? You didn't know he

meant to send socks to be darned? He didn't say so in any letter to you?"

Mrs. Burns shook her head and trusted her voice to speak. "Not a word, dear, Here's Billy now, with his little fists full of letters. Here I am, Billy-boy—bring Mother the mail. Yes, here's a letter from father to you, Helen."

"Do read it, and if you don't stop looking solemn this second, we'll never stop laughing." And Marjorie's merry face peered over Helen's shoulder.

"*Dear Helen-daughter*" (so Helen began aloud)—"I'm sending addressed to you a whole box of socks which aren't worn out but which need mending, every one. And I'm asking you if you will help your poor old father out and mend them and send them back as soon as ever you can. I especially ask that you yourself darn them, instead of turning them into Mother's darning-bag. I remembered suddenly when I was rummaging this morning for socks that my sister used always to darn my father's socks. He was very proud of her darning. I want to be proud of my daughter's darning as well as of her other accomplishments. If the socks come back within ten days who knows but a box of Turkish paste may fare forth to the young lady of my affections? Your ever loving

"Father."

"I'm glad," said Helen, with an hilarious chuckle—"I'm glad there was at least mention of Turkish paste at the party!"

"Another letter from father," said Mrs. Burns, handing Helen a second letter which she lost no time in opening.

"*Dear Helen-daughter*" (again Helen read aloud)—"To-day before going to my office I mailed you a box of my neglected, much-needed socks, also a letter of explanation in which there may have been mention of Turkish paste to follow on the heels (pretty good joke for me) of a task well done. Among my letters at my office I found a welcome letter from a young lady who hints that candy is a joy unknown in the wilds in which she is summering. And because I am fond of the young lady, and because I trust her to darn diligently and well, I shall send the Turkish paste herewith, as earnest of my faith in her."

"Billy! Billy-boy!" called Helen, excitedly. "Was there a box for me to-day?"

"Nope," said Billy-boy, who in a far corner had curled himself into a ball with his puppy.

"What I say," announced Alice, with spirit, "is that we girls all darn. Don't suppose one of us knows how, decently."

"Maybe Mrs. Burns will show us," chimed in Marjorie. "May we all see your darns, Mrs. Burns?"

"Ho! don't look much like mine," said Marcia, with candor. "Is it hard, Mrs. Burns? Will you teach us? Why, it looks almost woven," and in her voice was sudden admiration for work hitherto despised.

Of course Mrs. Burns's darning-bag was completely stocked—needles, cotton of all needed colors, nothing lacked. And the hot afternoon passed in a flash as smooth heads bent over patiently weaving fingers.

"I must say I didn't know darning could be beautiful!" said Alice, looking with vast pride at the work of her hands.

"But the Turkish paste!" sighed Helen.

"I said it was party enough without the paste," reminded Alice, absently, intent on finishing a gray sock.

"But the Turkish paste"—again sighed Helen, and as every one was too absorbed to answer her, she finished—"is coming!"

"What I'm going to do," stated Marcia, with decision, "is write my father this very day and tell him to send me his socks—all of 'em. I'd like him," she went on slowly, eyes on a weaving needle, "I'd like him to be proud of my darning—the way your father said his father was proud of his daughter's darning. Is she the aunt you're named for, Helen?"

"Yes," said Helen, "and I'm not going to be outdarned by her, either."

"Let's all send for our fathers' socks," proposed Marjorie. "Let's! Why, darning takes lots more brains than knitting sweaters! Do you s'pose, Mrs. Burns, all our fathers would be proud to be darned by their daughters, same as Mr. Burns?"

And so it came about that the Darn-Candy Club was formed, six charter members, with Mrs. Burns to oversee, and Billy-boy to run errands when he felt like it. Once a week they met, all summer, and sometimes there was candy and sometimes there was none. Darning there always was, and—it's a secret—by the end of vacation those six young charter members darned as exquisitely as any ancestor of them all. Proud of their darning? They were. And their fathers were. Both.

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* * *

TIDINESS

Some are born tidy, some acquire the habit of tidiness, and some are never tidy at all.

There is no doubt about the comfort of tidiness, in yourself and in others. It is pleasant to have your clothes neatly brushed, your shoes neatly blacked, your garments neatly hung, the contents of your bureau drawers neatly arranged in piles properly sorted, your letters and receipts neatly docketed and filed where you can lay your hands on them at a moment's notice.

There is also no doubt about the comfort of untidiness: to take the thing that comes nearest and wear it and use it and enjoy it, without worrying about where it comes from or where it goes to. Tidy people appear—to the untidy—to live in a perpetual fret, to be always distressed because something is out of place. Now, if there is no place where a thing ought to be, evidently it can not be out of its place, and there is no need for worry.

One of the tragedies of life is the conflict of the tidy with the untidy temperament. Two excellent persons marry, two delightful persons, two persons with many elements of sympathy, capable of augmenting each other's pleasure in life in many ways. But one has always been accustomed to neatness, to tidiness, to having a place for everything and keeping it there, and the other has not; hence arise irritating divergence and unnecessary wear and tear, and what might be a charming home is too often rendered miserable.

So far we have been speaking of external tidiness. There is a tidiness of the spirit also. Some souls live in a mist; grope, stumble, shiver and shudder in a haze of incompleteness and uncertainty. Others by instinct cultivate exactitude, definiteness, clarity; in other words, tidiness. The tidiness of the body is excellent. But the tidiness of the spirit is one of the largest and sweetest of virtues and tends to tranquillity and length of days.—*Youth's Companion.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 28-Sept. 3. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

* *

THE TEXAS CONVENTION

While the meetings of the Universalist State Convention in Texas are deliberative and legislative, they are much more an opportunity for local evangelism. The meeting place is selected and the program arranged more with an eye to its effect upon the community, and upon the section of the state, than upon the actual business to be transacted, or upon the convenience of large numbers of delegates. Results have justified this policy.

In some cases it would be well for the General Convention to do the same. I can not prove it, but I feel sure that it was only the argument, voiced at the General Convention of 1907, "We must have a thousand laymen at the next Convention, and so it must be held at some central point," that took the session of 1909 to Detroit instead of to Atlanta. The thousand laymen did not come to Detroit, but a General Convention session in Atlanta in 1909 would have given an impetus to our cause in that city and the state, and throughout the South, that would have been of incalculable advantage.

The Convention two years ago sensed this and voted to go to Chattanooga. It seemed best, later on, to change the place of meeting to Providence, for the sake of a larger attendance. Very possibly we will secure it, but I fancy the gain will be slight. When people want to go to a Convention distance is no great obstacle. The Convention in Los Angeles and Pasadena was a large one. Of course other factors helped the attendance, but so they would in any rarely visited section, if proper publicity were used.

This has proved true among the young people, whose finances, and consequently whose traveling ability, are much more limited. The Convention at Chattanooga in 1917 was larger than those at New Haven the year before or at Cleveland the year after. And in each of those years, but not in 1917, the General Sunday School Association's sessions helped to swell the total attendance.

The Muncie Convention last month was not much smaller than that at Worcester a year ago, particularly if the week-end visitors, who did not attend any business sessions, be disregarded.

But to return to Texas. This year's Convention was held at Newcastle, one of the most distant of our churches from the geographical and denominational center of the state, yet the attendance was practically the same as it was a year ago at Elgin, where there are more Universalists living within a radius of twenty-five miles than anywhere else in the state.

When folks love their Church they'll go where it asks them to go, and they are the only ones who help to make a Convention a success.

The Texas Universalists came to Newcastle. A visitor might have thought it a convention of Ford dealers. Every one of the delegates came by Ford. President Barker came in his, all shiny and new. Secretary Rollins came in his. Superintendent Brooks and his whole family came in theirs. And many others came, including the delegation of four from Ponta in the car of the postmaster, Robert Montgomery, whose home is always the preacher's rest, and where I stopped for a day on my way to Newcastle. But of that, more some other time.

A Universalist Revival

For a week preceding the opening of the Convention revival services were conducted by Rev. C. R. Cook, a new recruit to our ranks, formerly a minister of the Christian Church, but now for two years principal of the Junior High School at Warren, Ark. Texas Universalists are not afraid of being "revived," and so far as I can see, they need it no more than the rest of us.

I reached Newcastle in time for the last of these meetings, and was delighted both with the sermon and the congregation. Three members were received into the church at the close of the service. It is good to know that "Brother Cook"—he has already been adopted into the family—will devote his full time to our work after his present school contract expires next spring.

Business

A year ago the Texas Convention adopted a plan for the raising of a ten thousand dollar fund for the extension of Universalism in the state during a three year period. The result of this campaign has been to increase by more than seventy-five per cent the amount of money passing through the Convention's treasury. The new office of assistant secretary was created and one of the earnest young Universalists of the state, Mr. Leonard Prater, was elected to the position. He will have charge of the $10,000 campaign.

Brother Brooks, the State Superintendent, was given a substantial increase in salary, a testimony to the universal affection in which he and his family are held by the Universalists of the state.

The fifty-fifty arrangement between the Texas Convention and the Y. P. C. U. by which each bears an equal share in the extension and missionary work in the state, has produced excellent results in the past year and will be continued.

Gratitude Where It Is Due

Among the resolutions adopted was one expressing the thanks of the Convention to the president, Hon. J. D. Barker, the secretary, Mr. W. H. Rollins, and the State Superintendent, Rev. R. L. Brooks, *and their wives*. Texas Universalists know who carries most of the load when a man gives his time to serve his church.

Another "thank you" resolution praised the hospitality of the Newcastle people, especially commending their plan of entertainment. There is a good Universalist hotel there, and all delegates were cared for under one roof, the other people of the church contributing money, frying-size chickens, and other necessities of life.

This made for fellowship and friendship, as well as for ease and efficiency in the work of committees. Every one who attended the Newcastle Convention is willing to vote to make it the permanent place of meeting.

Church Building Program

Several of the churches in the state are looking forward to the erection of buildings. In Ponta, in east Texas, nearly three hundred miles from Newcastle, the lumber has already been ordered. In Elgin, the contract for the lot has been signed and the deeds will soon be passed. Cross Cut will have a building before long, and Newcastle, where the church is only a little over a year old, is talking of the brick church they will build as soon as possible.

Universalism in Texas is on the upgrade. The partnership between big-hearted Texas Universalists and enthusiastic and generous Christian Unioners is producing results.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
On the train in Missouri, Aug. 6.

For the Quiet Hour

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. We are told to let our light shine, and if it does we won't need to tell anybody it does. The light will be its own witness. Lighthouses don't ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining—they just shine.

D. L. Moody.

In all ages, both before and after Christ, it has been the clear conviction of devout souls that God sought them much more ardently and persistently than they sought God. The truth which shines most conspicuous in the experience of all the saved is that they were saved by God and not by themselves. If human experience is to be trusted at all, if it in any case reflects the substantial verities of the spiritual world, then we may hold it as proved in the uniform experience of men that God somehow communicated to them a living energy, and not only taught them what to do, but gave them strength to do it.

Marcus Dods.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

JAPANESE LANGUAGE SCHOOL

Bernice Kent

(Concluded)

You will come with me to my classroom first of all, which is on the second floor and next to the teacher's room. It is valuable for odds of conversation going on among the teachers, for they take no care to speak in low tones, and now we understand almost all they talk about, at least we get the drift of the conversation. There are seven teachers for our first year classes and a better all-round, fine lot of teachers you could not find. Some of less experience than the rest are less apt to supply our needs readily; they have no teaching training except for the practise of teaching their native language. The teachers rotate after each period, which is about forty-five minutes long.

The first period is a review of yesterday's notebook work by means of individual sentence construction from important words, and reproductions of the memorized lines. The second period gives us new notebook work to memorize with the help of the teacher in charge. He (or she) repeats a single sentence enough times for us to be able to repeat it fairly rapidly as a whole, after having "gotten the meaning over" to us by some means. This repetition is done both individually and collectively. Each new sentence is presented in the same way and if enough time is left at the end of the period, we practise reading our new work and have our difficulties in reading new *ji*, etc., straightened out by the teacher.

It is now time for the chapel period of half an hour and you listen to our spirited rendition of one of our own hymns translated into Japanese, followed by a Bible reading in both English and in Japanese and a prayer and the announcements of the day. We take turns leading and many mornings we have beautiful services.

We are now free for a little walk or chat, or both, and usually a small bag of peanuts accompanies us. The gossip of the day is often exchanged at this time and every one seems to be talking at once. When it is pleasant we walk out of doors, when it is gloomy some of us have gymnastics occasionally.

Bell rings! Classes begin! Now for earnest work on review *"tokuhon,"* which is carried on similarly to the previous review period, except that this is especially for reading practise and our rapidity would dumbfound most of you, I am sure. The next, and last, period is new *"tokuhon"* work and the teacher drives the pronunciation and spelling into our heads by reading as we listen with eyes and ears. We get the meaning drilled in, and if we happened to have studied the night before, we discharge our excess knowledge on the rest of the class, until we finally get it located in more or less intelligible form. Then we practise reading. Practise is right—we practise in unison and we practise individually, and we listen to the teacher read over difficult parts until the final bell breaks the silence(?). Twice a week we have writing which consists of learning to write new *ji*, practising the old, and the material is the regular work, hence we skip *"tokuhon"* review on these days and make it up by a general review on Fridays.

But we must eat our lunch, for it is 12.30 and it takes an hour to reach the "Home," you remember. Luncheon hour is usually at eleven-thirty for the convenience of all. If you have made known your wish early enough, we may eat a regular Japanese lunch ordered at school, and we will marvel over your skill at handling chop-sticks. If not, we will eat a cold luncheon of sandwiches, etc., brought with us from the "Home" in my *"furoshiki"* along with my books.

The ride home is more pleasant, the cars being less crowded, and we may take a little pleasure trip somewhere, if we wish, so long as we reach the "Home" for dinner at 5.30; it is all right. Devotional exercises are from six-thirty until seven, sometimes followed by choir rehearsals and always followed by an evening of study for me.

Now I have graduated from the first year of school and have the best diploma all written in *"ji,"* too difficult for me to read, but perhaps by the end of next year I shall be able to.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

Notes and Comments from the National Office

Mr. Frank E. Lakey, energetic layman of Stoughton, Mass., dropped into the Third Floor Back the other day and revealed many interesting plans. He hopes to have the walls of the Sunday school room made beautiful and attractive by securing a number of appropriate, high-grade religious pictures. The first has been purchased already, the money having been earned by a wide-awake organized class. It follows as a matter of course that other classes desire to follow the good example, so there will be no difficulty in getting as many pictures as are needed. This idea is similar to one that was carried out by Mr. Hersey when he was pastor at Caribou. When people tell me that it is impossible for them to have the equipment that they need I am exceedingly skeptical.

. . . .

Let us beware of unanimous and instantaneous decisions. The Young People's Union of a great denomination, meeting recently in Boston, passed "without a dissenting voice and without a moment's hesitation" a resolution approving of President Harding's plan for a world court. Is there much encouragement in that for the Executive? It looks too superficial to be significant. I hope that important questions will not be settled thus when we meet in Providence. I hope that there will be discussion, call for information and perhaps minority votes. Then when we get together in the unity of the spirit and resolve to go forward there will be some vitality and power in our decision.

. . . .

Canton, Mass., is one of the places from which we always receive a very enlightening statistical report, far more elaborate than we would dare to request. That is because the superintendent, Mr. J. Albert Robinson, combines "a business head" with a "Sunday school heart." I note with warm approval that of the five scholars lost during the year every one is definitely accounted for: one has been taken out as too young, two have left town and two have become teachers. It is not said, "Oh, they have drifted away somewhere," or "We don't know what has become of those families." This school has made good gains in membership and in attendance. Perhaps the latter fact is due in part to a plan that is new to me, that of family contests, families of three members being matched against each other and other families of two members being competitors. Try the Canton plans.

The Sojourner.

* *

ARLINGTON ATTENDANCE

The Sunday school at Arlington, Mass., has many reasons for pride, among them the fact that it has three members entitled to mention on our honor list for perfect attendance and a good many others who are well started. Miss Grace Belyea has had no absences in six years, Miss Edna Younie in seven years and Miss Ruth Griffin in *fourteen* years.

One other member has been perfect for three years, two for two years and fifteen for one year, while a dozen others have had but one absence in twelve months. All this indicates more than any mere statistician would see. It indicates faithful work on the part of officers and teachers and persistent interest on the part of scholars. A particularly low salaam should be made in honor of Mr. Samuel T. Cushing, dynamo and superintendent.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

At Eaton, Ohio, on Sunday, July 22, at the close of the morning preaching service, which was conducted by Rev. J. P. MacLean of Greenville, the pastor, Rev. Thomas M. Murray, and Miss Ruth Iva Ashworth, niece of Rev. George H. Ashworth, of Lansing, Mich., were married by the preacher of the day. Mr. Murray has been pastor of our churches at Eaton and Eldorado for the past five years. He and his wife will make their home in Eldorado.

Rev. Horatio G. Mann, our minister in Northfield, Vermont, was married on Wednesday, Aug. 1, at Bethel, Vt., to Miss Ruth Alvira Staples, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Solon P. Staples.

Rev. Charles E. Butterworth of Brockton, Mass., and Miss Eunice A. Bickford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louville A. Bickford of North Easton, were married Sunday afternoon, Aug. 5, in Goddard Chapel, Tufts College. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall performed the ceremony.

Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., delivered the address at the Citizens' Memorial Service for the late President Harding at Cobleskill, N. Y., Aug. 10. Justice Nichols of the New York Supreme Court presided.

Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., and Mrs. Cook will observe the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day on Aug. 24, at their home near Beecher City, Illinois.

Massachusetts

South Weymouth.—This church, in connection with the church at Assinippi, has just invited to its pastorate Rev. William D. Veazie, a young man, still a student at Crane Theological School. Mr. Veazie accepts the position and plans to begin his ministry on Sunday, Sept. 9. Until that date Mr. Veazie is acting as pastor at North Orange, at which place he has organized a promising Sunday school.

Wakefield.—Rev. W. S. Perkins, D. D., pastor. Although our church is closed for its usual summer vacation, Dr. Perkins is remaining at his post ready for any assisting services which he may render. Our church in conjunction with the other churches of the town is holding, under the suggestion of the Y. M. C. A., two Sunday services on the Wakefield Common. The Universalist Sundays are Aug. 12 and 19. Dr. Perkins will preach on one of these Sundays and Dr. F. O. Hall on the other Sunday.

Braintree.—Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor. Mrs. Mary P. Arnold of this place has just handed over to the Massachusetts Universalist Convention $1,000, to be known as the George H. Arnold fund, the income from which is to be paid to the support of All Souls Church in Braintree. In case of the dissolution of All Souls Church, the fund is to be used by the Convention in its missionary work in the state. Mrs. Arnold at the same time gives $100 towards the erection of the Washington Memorial Church. The Convention, the Braintree church, and especially Mrs. Arnold, are to be congratulated upon this loyal and wise use of property.

New York

Binghamton.—Rev. Chas. E. Petty, pastor. July 22 marked the close of a most successful year of work in this church. For the past two or three years the church school has been given a very important place in our program, with the result that the school has outgrown its present quarters and nothing but a complete working plant will satisfy the workers who are so faithful even under such a handicap. Our Children's Day service was unquestionably the best our school has ever given, and was enjoyed by both the children and the large congregation. A large number from this church attended the Chenango Association at Upper Lisle in June. With the opening service on Sept. 9 a full program will be announced for the fall season. On Sept. 30 we will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the dedication of our present edifice with appropriate services. We expect to make this event stand out as one of the high spots in our church history.

* *

MURRAY GROVE

We keep on improving at Murray Grove. People and reservations continue to come. Rev. U. S. Milburn has been here with his lecture sets and gave us five delightful evenings. Rev. Roger Etz arrived Saturday, Aug. 4, and preached on Sunday. The service was a Memorial Service for our departed President. Mr. Etz spoke feelingly and took occasion to remind us how much we demand of a President of these United States and how little gratitude we show.

The only thing the matter with Murray Grove this year is the weather we have had for a week past. The skies started to weep about a week ago and having acquired the habit seem unable to restrain their tears, but inside the house it is big and roomy and cheerful and nobody seems to mind the weather. We are all looking forward to the coming of Dean Atwood and Superintendent Lowe.

It will probably interest all who know Murray Grove and have seen the farm in years past to know that we at last have a farmer who knows farming and that he has made the sand hereabouts to blossom like rich loam. He grows everything that farmers grow in the north and some things that are grown south—including *watermelons*. We had strawberries for breakfast this morning—luscious ones. We are also growing Mung beans all the way from China. In short, we have a dandy farmer, who, in his own field of endeavor, puts his white neighbors in the shade. We mention the farmer with interest because it means to all who are here and are coming here an abundance of fresh and wholesome food. The only guests who might be uncomfortable here are those who are trying to reduce. It can't be done at Murray Grove.

* * *

MEETINGS AT WALDRON, IND.

Early on Sunday, Aug. 5, representatives from a number of our Indiana churches assembled on the beautiful grounds surrounding the Delos H. Thompson Home for Aged Women. The vice-president of the State Convention, Theo. F. Schlaegel, presided. Rev. E. V. Stevens offered prayer. Rev. Harry Adams Hersey preached, his theme, "Damnation and Hell—Universalists Believe in Both."

A bountiful basket dinner and social hour were enjoyed.

A memorial service in honor of the late President Warren G. Harding was conducted by Rev. E. V. Stevens, following which was an address by Mr. L. A. Beard of Indianapolis.

A large addition to the Home is under construction, which will add much to the efficiency and appearance of this splendid memorial.

Pearl M. Iock, Secretary.

* *

CRUISE TO THE HOLY LAND

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the National Council of the American Episcopal Church endorse the plan of the Patriarch of Jerusalem to induce American Christians to study the institutions of the Eastern Orthodox Church in the Holy Land by running a cruise there next fall. The Holy Land Pilgrim and Tourist Society of America, 350 W 87th St., New York, has chartered a ship to leave New York Oct. 10 for a cruise of fifty days, including stops at Mediterranean ports, for $295 up.

* *

PUBLICITY AT MUNCIE

The Muncie papers gave such splendid publicity to the Y. P. C. U. Convention that the complete file of clippings pasted together make a strip twenty-five feet long. The Rev. Harry Adams Hersey planned in advance and furnished all the photographs, copy, etc., but the papers co-operated thoroughly and even made the cuts at their own expense. The *Muncie Star* alone gave fifteen feet of space, the commercial value of which was $187. The aggregate amount of paper stock would be equal to seventy-one miles of paper two and a half inches wide, or about an

eighth of an acre. This went to 25,000 subscribers, 11,000 in Delaware County and many far away. The *Sunday Star* gave a fine layout four columns wide with a picture of the church, President Jones and the committee. For about ten days Universalism was decidedly in evidence in the Muncie press.

* *

STUDENT FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

Organization of the Student Federation of Religious Liberals was effected as the climax of the first student conference ever conducted by the Young People's Religious Union (Unitarian), which met at the Isles of Shoals, N. H., from July 21 to 28. Under the general advisership of Rev. Harold E. B. Speight, minister of King's Chapel, Boston, 265 delegates from seventy-five colleges and universities met for seven days of addresses and discussions on the practical issues of religious life and organization in present day society. At the close of the week in a general session of the conference they formed their federation and unanimously accepted these as their purposes:

(*a*) To unite for fellowship and mutual helpfulness students in the colleges and universities of the United States and Canada who acknowledge allegiance to the ideals of unselfish service and who wish to promote the influence of liberal religious thought.

(*b*) To promote, by conferences and otherwise, the better appreciation of the duty and opportunity of Unitarian and other avowedly liberal churches in college towns and to strengthen such churches by personal service.

(*c*) To promote the formation within colleges of clubs and groups of liberal students in the interest of progressive ideals of truth, worship and service.

(*d*) To maintain contact with the International Free Christian Student Movement.

Membership in the new federation is open both to student societies and to individuals, the conditions of the latter to be determined by the executive committee.

Notices

RESERVATIONS FOR THE PROVIDENCE CONVENTION

The local committee for the Providence Convention requests the officers of the denominational auxiliaries, and others, to make reservations early if they are going to need space for exhibits, booths, etc., in the vestry of the First Church during the Convention.

Kindly make your wants known to the undersigned and we will endeavor to meet your requirements.

R. R. Hadley,
145 *Chester Ave., Providence, R. I.*

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 19, 1923. New Hampshire State Convention, Portsmouth.

Oct. 20-28, 1923. Universalist General Convention, Providence, R. I.

Nov. 1-4, 1923. Alabama State Convention.

MURRAY GROVE, N J., SEASON OF 1923

The following program will reveal that the coming season at Murray Grove is likely to surpass any preceding one in attractiveness and attenance.

July 26, 28 and 30 and August 1, beautifully illustrated travelogues by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18—Annual fair.

Sunday, Aug. 19—Preaching service by Rev. Maude Lyon Carey.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25—Institute of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Preaching service by Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept 1 and 3—Institute of the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (evening). Address by Rev. Hannah Powell.

Numerous religious services, lectures, entertainments and excursions throughout the season.

The rates at Murray Grove are very low, the rooms and board are good and the company is delightful. For reservations or information address Rev. H. M. Cary, Little Falls, New York.

* *

WANTED

Copies of "Gospel Melodies New and Old." Address Mrs. J. L. Bell, 311 N. H. St., Pensacola, Fla.

Obituary

Orlando A. Thayer

Orlando A. Thayer died Sunday morning, June 17, in Waterville, Maine, where he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Knickerbocker.

Mr. Thayer was born in Paris, Me., Dec. 19, 1842, and spent his life there with the exception of five years as deputy collecter in the custom house in Portland. He was for years in the employ of the Paris Manufacturing Company at South Paris.

He was a man of sturdy character and exemplary life. He had been a member of the Universalist church for many years and a Mason for fifty-four years. Besides a brother, Dr. Augustus S. Thayer of Portland, and a sister, Mrs. Josephine Bates of West Paris, he is survived by Mrs. Thayer and their son and daughter.

Funeral services were conducted at Paris Hill, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker officiating.

Mrs. Mabel Whaley

Mabel (Upcott) Whaley was a young woman of exceptionally fine traits of character. Hers was a keen mind, displaying good judgment, decision of character and executive ability. Associated with these traits were a native kindliness of heart, and a disposition to serve in the home and elsewhere. In her parents' home, where the writer best knew her, she assumed responsibilities beyond what is usual for a daughter, and was much depended upon. Here she gave her life in dutiful service. When later she became the wife and mother in her own home, she became the very heart of that home. To the husband and the one little son who came to bless that home she was the joy and life.

She was one of the leading members in the church in Olinda, Ontario, For many years she had been either regularly or occasionally the organist, besides serving in many other ways. No one could be missed more than she will be in the church which she loved.

Mrs. Whaley was also a trustee for the community school. Because of her responsible part in the work, the beautiful new school building recently erected will stand as a monument to her push and executive ability.

She has left a husband and little son, her parents, a sister and four brothers.

Funeral services were conducted Aug. 5, Rev. Edward M. Minor of Marseilles, Ill., assisting the pastor of the Olinda church, Rev. George H. Campbell.

Mrs. Sarah Nulton

This beloved friend and mother, late of Livonia, Mo., recently passed to the great beyond in her eighty-fourth year.

Sarah Katurah Clements was born of Quaker ancestry in Rushville, Ill., Nov. 25, 1839.

She married Erastus Nulton in Iowa in 1858. She was three times a pioneer—once in childhood and twice after her marriage, first in Iowa and then in Missouri.

She had long been a widow, for several years blind, and at the last nearly deaf. She remained kind and patient, public-spirited and thoughtful of others, to the end. A woman of unusual mentality and extraordinary character.

She is survived by one daughter, Ida M. Nulton, M. D., of Livonia. and by five sons, all of whom save one son were with her at the last.

Services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. James Houghton.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

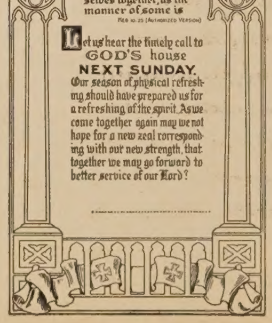
During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President*,

JOSEPH B. HORTON, Clerk.



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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

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Crackling

The Young Bride (looking in window of jewelry store): "George, I'd love to have that bracelet."

The Husband: "I can't afford to buy it for you, dear."

The Bride: "But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

The Husband: "I'm afraid not."

The Bride: "Why?"

The Husband: "It isn't good enough, dear."

The Bride: "Oh, you darling!"—*Life.*

* *

Madge: "Would you marry a man to reform him?"

Mabel: "I suppose I shall have to—there isn't one of them that suits me the way he is now!"—*London Opinion.*

* *

Free State Patrol: "Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriven' the cyar?"

Motorist: "I have that. Are ye wantin' to see ut?"

Free State Patrol: "What for would I be wantin' to see ut if ye have ut? It's if ye had ut not that I'd want a look at ut."—*Punch.*

* *

"Are you still writing those articles for that business magazine, telling how to make more money?"

"No, I'm writing articles for a syndicate attacking modern materialism and advocating higher ideals than that of mere wealth."

"But I thought you were so fond of your other job!"

"I was, but there's more money in this one."—*Life.*

* *

Carter was telling me the old story about the man who thought he had left his watch at home and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it. "That isn't so bad as the man I heard of," said the other man. "He left his office and put out a card to say that he would be back at 3 o'clock. Finding that he had forgotten something, he went back to his office, read the notice on the door and sat down on the stairs to wait till 3 o'clock."—*Continent.*

* *

A salesman who traveled in the mountain district of Kentucky employed an intelligent colored man for a driver over roads that were impassable for an automobile. This driver was unusually skilful in the use of a whip. He could tap a fly on the horse's neck, pick off an apple from a tree, or snap a bloom from a plant. The salesman saw a hornets' nest down the road. "George," said the salesman, "see if you can cut down that hornets' nest."

George fixed his eyes on his employer. "Lemme tell you something," he said. "Flies and apples and hollyhocks is all right to play with, but hornets is different. They're an organization."—*Christian Register.*

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